Flagitiosus Mercurius Flagellatus:

OR THE

Whipper Whipp'd:

Being an Answer to a

SCURRILOUS INVECTIVE

Written by *George Parker* in his Almanack for MDCXCVII.

In such Language and base Expressions that none but a *Bended Mechanick* would be seen to own; and this without any Provocation given by me.

THE pretended ground of this Quarrel is to inform us, That he is able to shew in all cases the beginning of a Direction's Operation to a few days; and this in opposition to what I say of the Lady's Direction in 1696. But by the management of the whole, there is something else at the Bottom, and therefore take it right.

The truth of all is, to be plain both with you and him; He is *Poor* and *Infamous*, *Despicable* in his *Person*, *Ill-natur'd* and *Sawcy* in his Conversation, *Unjust* in his Dealings, *Immoral* in his Behaviour, *Weak* in his Understanding, *Ignorant* in his Professions; and wanting *Parts*, *Prudence*, *Virtue* and *Honesty*, finds he hath no other way to recommend himself to the World to be taken notice of, but by quarrelling with some body or other, no matter whether they give him any occasion or not. And knowing this to be

this

the Truth of the Case, I will certainly give him a cast of my Office, and do the most and best I can to make my hard-fac'd Adversary famous.

This is not St. *George*, of whom the Boys sing,
Nor General *George*, that brought in the King;
But *George* the *Petit*, that hangs out his Banners,
Declares against *Honesty*, *Wit* and *Good Manners*.

Answer a Fool according to his Folly, lest he be wise in his own Conceit.

The very first thing my Adversary tells his Reader, is a notorious Untruth; for, he says, I demand a Direction for her Death: Which is false, for I have named one; and desire them, and him too now, To give us a true measure of Time, that may agree in that, as well as in all other cases. And how much he hath done it, will appear hereafter; but for trifling and evading you must not be angry with him, he hath *Mercury* in Opposition to *Jupiter*, and *Saturn* on his Ascendent, which gives him a hard brawny Face.

In the next place he would have the World believe, That he was the man aimed at (as he expresseth it) in that Example; as supposing none more able nor eminent than himself to be pointed at in that case: When, to say the truth, he is the most *Ignorant* and *Illiterate man* of all that do pretend to *Astrology* in Print. And all he prints you will find is either begg'd or stolen, if you will but trace him (of which more hereafter.) I do not indeed know any body that takes notice of him, unless it be to *laugh at his ill manners*, and *pity his Poverty*. In a word, I conclude this Conceit to be like the Fly on the Coach-wheel, that cry'd out, *Oh! what a Dust I make!* And you may be certain he sits easy that rides on a *Hobby-horse* of his own making.

He seems very angry, That I call him and the rest, *Pretenders* to the Art, as supposing himself pointed at, no doubt: here you may see not only his *Folly*, but his *Pride* and *Ignorance* too; for he doth arrogantly imagine himself to be arrived to the degree of a Master, when indeed he hath no more Skill nor Experience than the man that began but yesterday, as you may see by his Almanack of 1696. where this great Master of Nativities was not able to furnish us with a more noble Experiment to illustrate the Truth and Power of his Stars, than that poor, sorry, lousy Question of one *Morgan Bourn* that was hanged; and yet the Question was not propounded to him neither, but to one in *Houndsditch*, the better able of the two to give Judgment: So that it was but a borrowed business at the best, and no thanks to his Skill. Let him shew us something of his own, without begging and borrowing as he hath done hitherto; his Almanack is made fine, like a Common Whore, by the help of twenty Brokers Shops; if every one should come and pluck out his own Feather, there would not be matter of his own left to fill a Horn-Book. And after all, I must tell this *weak-headed man*, That I do not think my self got above the Character of a Pretender, after more Reading and Experience than ever he will be master of, or attain to; for his *Mercury* is not for Study, but something else, which you

you shall hear by and by. And with this proud conceit he tells his Reader, That *he will undertake* those that are perverted by *Ptolomy's Doctrine*. But pray Sir, Who are your Brethren Astrologers, you mention, that you are Advocate for? I suppose they will at last appear to be in the singular number only; that is, one *knowish Pickpocket Sicklemaker*; you do well to put it in the plural, like Sir *T. M.* when he subscribed a Warrant, *We the Knights and Gentlemen*, and no body there but himself. I doubt your Brethren have made use of you as the Monkey did of the Cat's Foot.

And now, my *Mountebank Conjurer* comes to his great point of Skill, and that is, To prove the Lady's Death, and the time of it, by *Kepler's* way of Direction: And this he pretends to do to a very few days, and then vainly boasteth of its exactness; which men of Skill durst never pretend to in any Direction, unless by chance; for I never desire a Direction to hit nearer than 4 or 6 months; and for the time of its inception, I take it from other Causes. And so I come to examine this Idle Mystery, to prevent the young Students being trepan'd by the Bouness of this Fellow concerning the Truth of a method that he hath had no experience of; but gives it them on his Word, *as Tom Streit* gave it him, and neither of their Words worth two pence.

John Kepler was a witty man, and an Enemy to Astrology, and in a little Treatise he called the *New Year's Gift to Astrologers*, he propounds this way to direct by, which this weak man useth, to puzzle and confound them, not believing any man would be so foolish as to rely on it, and use it for Truth; nor did he himself. Nor did I ever hear that *Kepler* did pretend to any more Skill in Astrology than what is commonly known to every common Student; so let us consider it.

The Ground of this method of Direction, as well as its Measure, is lodged in the *Sun's* motion, and so counting from the Day of the Birth, to the degree (the *Sun* meets in his way) of any Aspect, it shall give so many Years, &c. as the *Sun* is days going to that degree by his diurnal Motion. Had *Kepler* flopt here, it would have been a good measure, with a little Improvement for all Directions; but in going further he hath done like a Monkey, the more he shews his Tricks, the more he shews his Tail. For he comes now to that improbable and most unreasonable Proposition, To make the *Sun's* Diurnal Motion in the Zodiack, the Motion of Direction for the *Midheaven*, *Ascendent*, *Moon*, and *Part of Fortune*, and this without regard to the Part of Heaven, or Signs of long and short Ascention; and that I may make it plain to the Astrological Reader, I will give you an Example or two, as followeth.

To that end let us suppose a Figure, where 15 degrees of *Pisces* ascends, in the Latitude of *London*; let the *Sun* be in 2 degrees of *Aquary*, the *Moon* in 2 degrees of *Aries*, with 5 degrees North Latitude, and *Saturn* in 28 degrees of *Scorpio*. Now by *Kepler's* way, the *Sun* comes to the Square of *Saturn* in 25 years and a few months; the *Moon*, by the same Rule, to the Opposition of *Saturn* in 55 years and a few months; and the Ascendent to the Body of the *Moon* at 16 years and 8 months. The reason for this, in their Foolish Idle Way is, Because the *Sun* then moves 61 minutes in a day, and by consequence gives a year; therefore the *Moon* and Ascendent

must move no fasles through the Signs than the *Sun* doth; and for every 61 minutes of such motion they allow a year likewise. The same method they use also in the Midheaven and *Part of Fortune*.

Now by the true, visible and natural Motion, the *Moon* by her Latitude is on the Ascendent, just rising, which they tell you is at least 16 degrees distant. The *Moon* comes to the Opposition of *Saturn* about 30 years after: And the *Sun* to the Square of *Saturn* 17 years; and this by that motion demonstrable on the Globe, and plainly to be proved by the Tables of Oblique Ascention; and by that Motion and no other all Directions are formed. Whence it is visible that there is no such motion in nature as this Fellow pretends to in the *Ascendent*, *Moon*, *Midheaven*, and *Part of Fortune*. Whence it is also plain, he is trying to delude and seduce Mankind into the Belief of an impossible Motion in Direction by his Confidence, &c. without having any experience, only hear-say, or taking time (if he is able) to examine it. The Fellow would be an Imposture, had he but good Stars; but he may set his heart at rest, there are but few will either believe or admire him, except it be some of his own Tribe, and as well grown in Reputation, *Squires of Alsatia*. Which leads the *Now* to enquire into the Merits of the Cause, and what ground there is in Nature for this pretended motion.

The *Sun* (it is true) hath such a motion as they pretend to, and may be allowed; all they say in one sense, i. e. in secondary Directions, which I allow, and in no other. But his, the motion of the *Sun* can only answer for it self, and shew its own Accidents and Qualifications in his way of Direction; but by no means prescribe a way for the *Moon*. The *Moon* moves in a different Orb, her Diurnal motion is proper to her self and none else; she hath Latitude and other Accidents, not liable to the *Sun*; her diurnal motion is from 12 to 15 degrees in a day; her rapt motion is the same with the rest, round the Globe in 24 hours. But here is no such motion as he pretends to, of 61 minutes in a day, to bring up that Direction of the *Moon* to the Opposition of *Saturn* at 55 years, as in the Example before. And I challenge any man that pretends to this Foolery, to shew where and how this motion is made, by what way and means, and how to be demonstrated and made intelligible, That the *Moon* is in the example proposed 55 years in coming to the Opposition of *Saturn*; *made Keplerians*.

The *Part of Fortune* hath the same to pretend to as the *Moon* hath, with some little difference, but the motion and every thing the same, and as perfectly different from the *Sun* as the *Moon* is; and it is in vain to repeat the same, which I must do if I enlarge; therefore either read or imagine what was before said of the *Moon*, and it requires the same solution in the *Part of Fortune* also.

The Ascendent hath no motion but what depends on the *Primum Mobile*, and that is either swifter or slower, according to the Signs of long or short Ascention; but for a progressive motion it hath none of its own in any sense whatsoever; but by that motion it is said to have, there are 360 degrees pass it every 24 hours. Here you see the *Sun* and *Moon* have diurnal motions, but the Ascendent hath none, and cannot be liable to any such

motion

motion that our second-hand Philosopher pretends to; nor can I think how they can out of this rapt motion of the Ascendent form such a motion as to make the Ascendent be 73 years coming up to the Opposition of *Saturn*, when in truth, and according to the true motion, and all the motion of the Ascendent, there is not 35 degrees of distance between them. Whence it is plain, the whole Scheme of this foppish way of Direction is really imaginary, and without any foundation in Nature; which is a sufficient argument for any, and every ingenious man to *disclaim*, *detest* and *disown* it; and whosoever builds upon a Principle that hath no Foundation in Nature, must certainly be judged a Fool or a Mad man. And for a support to my staggering Brethren, and as a further Information to them about Directions I will lay down this as an *Axiom*, *That Directions are nothing else but a Star or Point of Heaven, meeting with the Body or Beams of another Star in that way and motion that God and Nature hath appointed them.* Now, if this Fellow can find out such a motion that he pretends to in the four Hilegiack Points, then I will give him the Cause; if not, I must look on him, as I do now, to be a Confident Ignorant man, and one that contends for Contention-sake. But before I part with this Subject, pray observe:

This Fellow's Sow hath three Ears, and he always takes her by that which he thinks makes the best Noise and Rattle. *Anno* 1692. in his Almanack, he tells the world, Nothing was so material and certain as *Heliocentrick Directions*. Then it was, *We esteem the Earth a Principle Hilegiack*: Then it was, *we gave that impudent Challenge to the whole Nation*. Then it was *we morally sure*: Then it was we invited all the young Students to come *to us* to learn that excellent apish way of Direction. Then it was we were willing *to shew our self their Servant*: And at that time *Kepler*'s way was not worth a Lowse in our sublime Author's Opinion, compared to the *Heliocentricks*. In 1695. he had a very good Opinion of *Naibod*, and was in some debate who ought to have the Preheminence, he or *Kepler*. But now in 1697. the Doubt is discust, and there is no man nor method to compare with *Kepler*, and his mighty Mystery in the method of Directions.

Again, I deny this motion in the *Sun* it self, and that there is no such motion in the *Sun* neither, as he pretends to in Primary Directions. In the preceding Example, let the *Sun* be in 15 degrees of *Pisces* on the Cusp of the Ascendent, and I would know when he comes to the Opposition of *Saturn*, in 28 degrees of *Taurus*; and that is, by *Kepler*'s foolish way, at 73 years of age; and at the same time there is but 34 degrees and 31 minutes between them by the Oblique Ascention; now it is plain that the *Sun* by that motion passeth the Opposition of *Saturn* in such a number of degrees; which if they please to say it must give 73 years, I desire to know by what Rule and Method it is to be allowed; and I will venture a Wager with this *Great Philosopher*, That this Direction, whose Ark is 34 degrees 31 minutes, shall have an effect, but his of 73 shall have none, unless there should be some Direction of the other Significators happen to work with it at that time, and so one colour the other. Upon the whole of the matter, you see our man of Art is fixt no where, but rambles from one Principle to another, from the *Heliocentricks* to *Naibod*, from thence

to

to *Kepler*. And I will venture to predict one thing, and that is, He will not continue in this Opinion of *Kepler*'s way neither long, but be ashamed after a while to think he hath maintained such a Nonsensical foolery; and yet I beg your Pardon, I cannot tell whether he can be ashamed or not: But I will say this for *Kepler*'s Maggot, That it is the only method fit for an Ignorant man; for whosoever hath Skill and Sense enough to examine it, will never believe a word of it.

Mr. *Edlin* was an admirer of this Foolery, and when he was sick, a Friend of mine, well acquainted with *Astrology*, went to visit him; who finding him dangerous, asked him, What Direction he was under? I am (said he) under none at all, but about three years hence there is a killing Direction, and then I shall dye, and not before. What method (said my Friend) do you use in Directions? *Kepler*'s, said he. But that three years never came to him, for in 14 days he was in his Grave, to the great Credit of *John Kepler*'s mystical foolery. I have been the larger in this part of my Answer, not for my Adversary's advantage, but to inform the *Astrological Reader*; and so I come to the Queries.

My first Query is, Why should her Life be so short, and the *Sun* Hileg, in his Exaltation in the Tenth? He says he agrees with me, and esteems it rational. Do you think he knows what he means by that Answer? I ask the Question, and he agrees with me to ask the Question too; a good mask for Ignorance.

To my second Query he talks really like himself. That the *Sun* and *Mars* are made mild and sweet-natur'd by the Trine of the *Moon* Lady of the Twelfth, which at another time shall do mischief. For shame keep to your Principles, if you have any, and give your Art certainty, if your Rules have any.

My third Query he mumbles as an Ass doth Thistles; and after all he hath said, he doth not believe one word: Nor doth he or any of that Tribe dare venture to predict a Fever on the *Sun* to the Square of *Saturn*, let the circumstances be as in that Figure; and this I challenge him to, if he dares: Nay! and he shall chuse a Nativity too himself, so the Native be living, and he will be pleased to print it. But I can tell you beforehand, he dares not trust his own Judgment in the case, and therefore pray do not expect it; and in plain terms he is totally ignorant of what gives the Disease in all Cases of Death.

To my fourth Query he says, He knows no modern Author that lays any stress on the *Alchocoden*. Let him name me any modern Author, if he can, that hath handled the Doctrine of Genitures, that doth not use it as one of the most principal things to depend on for Death, as *Gadbury* and *Coley* in *English*, and for *Latin* I know he hath no business with it; and let him name me any man, if he can, that refused to believe it before me. Thus you see how he tricks and trifles with his Readers, and stops a lye in their Mouths; but you must read him with a reserve; and when you come to know him, you will find him to be a creature that is nothing else but *Face* and *Feather*. He is an Artist, a Physician, and Philosopher by the same Rule that a *Ballad-singer* is a *Stationer*, a *Mouse-trap-maker* an *Engineer*, and a *Scotch-pedler* a *Merchant*. Upon the whole of the matter, What doth this

this Fellow contend for? he grants (*to my great Credit*) the Direction to be the Square of *Saturn*; he allows two of my Queries, and the other two he denies; but at the ſame time confounds his own Doctrine: For in the one, to ſerve a turn he makes the Oppoſition of *Venus* a malefick Aſpect, becauſe Lady of the Fourth, but the *Moon*'s Trine benefick, though Lady of the Twelfth. What doth he contend for then? Why, he works the Direction to 14 days, or leſs: Pray let him print ſome Nativities, and then I will talk with him upon that ſubject and piece of Art; I am ſure he will make Blots enough for me to hit.

I hear he talks at large among illiterate people, of *Art*, the Truth of *Art*, and that he is for the *Improvement of Art*, and *Art* is his common Cant among thoſe that know nothing but the Name only, and indeed he and they are only fit company; for, to ſay the truth of the man, he doth not underſtand one word of *Aſtrology* more than the common Trade-Stuff, which I am ſure *he dares not venture to print*, for all he makes ſuch *Noiſe* and *Bouncing* of his Skill; becauſe he is very certain I will take him by the Beard for it. And you Gentlemen that keep him company, when you hear him talk that word again, obſerve what a *ſlap-mouth* he makes when he pronounceth the word *Art*; for the Organs of his Voice are no more fit to expreſs it, than the Inſtruments of his Underſtanding to comprehend it; and beſides, the very uſe he makes of the Word would give any ingenious man juſt Suſpicion he knows nothing of the matter, becauſe of his extravagant uſe of it; for he that hath true Skill, and is an Artiſt, his merit will proclaim his Abilities without telling them himſelf on an *Ale-bench*, as he doth; in a word, he talks of it as a *Whore* of *Chaſtity*, a *Pick-pocket* of *Honeſty*, and an *Hypocrite* of *Religion*; that is, he hath the notion, but not the thing.

Among the reſt of his Rhethorical Excurſions and Flights of Fancy, he hath given us a ſpecimen of *George Parker*'s parts, and the true meaning of *Saturn* on the Aſcendant, in Square to the *Moon*, and *Mercury* in Oppoſition to *Jupiter*, as well as of his Breeding and Manners, when he comes to fall ſo *rudely* and like a Beaſt on *Ptolemy*; a man that all *Europe* have been, and are ſtill beholding to for his Learning and Labour. He was the firſt man that tranſmitted *Aſtronomy* and *Geography* to the *European* World, which are both read at this day in all places of Learning with reſpect. He was a man in his time of Univerſal Learning, which he improved by his Labour and Study for the advantage of future Ages. He was the firſt man that laid down the true *Philoſophick Principles* of *Aſtrology*, as *Hippocrates* did of *Phyſick*, and this in his *Quadripartite*, and both *Book* and *Man* have had that repute among men of Learning and Eminence, that three of the greateſt men (for Learning) in *Europe*, i. e. *Cardan*, *Junctine* and *Naibod* thought it an honour to give the world each of them a Comment on his Book, the better to underſtand the Text (indeed *Naibod*'s Comment was never printed, but is in Manuſcript only); and *Cardan* ſays (and that moſt truly) If that Book (the *Quadripartite*) had not been left and preſerved, we had long ſince loſt the true and genuine Art, and *Aſtrology* long ſince would have had nothing to boaſt of but a heap of ſuperſtitious *Trifles* and *Foleries*, even ſuch as this ignorant man is now endeavouring to promote by

by Confidence and ——. In a word, *Ptolemy* was a man of Learning, and no one need be ashamed to be his Disciple, and own his Doctrine as well as understand it; he lived a *Gentleman*, and dyed a *Philosopher*; and though the Earth is his *Repositum*, yet his Name lives without a *monument*, and is too big to be circumscribed; his Books are his Issue, in which he is interred, and in this Age Time it self writes almost 1600. years on his Tomb; see the Preface to his *Almagest*.

Now after all this, comes a little *Illiterate, Ignorant, Unmannerly, Ill-bred, Bended Mechanick*, and calls the Old Gentleman *Impudent Villain*; and upon his *Ale-bench*, among his Pot-companions, he oftentimes calls him *Old Crooked Red-headed Rogue* into the bargain. I doubt his Stomach is very foul, give Pug a Spider. I need not say much in answer to these *Alsatian Flourishes*, because the Language to all men of Learning and Breeding gives an answer to it self, and they will soon guess at the Man by his Manners. Had *Ptolemy* been a *Cobler*, a *Taylor*, or a *Broken Jacobite Cutler*, this Language and Usage would have been very uncivil, and not becoming a man that pretends to be a Penman; and besides, had *Ptolemy* been living, it would have been looked on as a sort of malicious *Billingsgate*-Education; but considering he hath been dead above 1500 years, for a Fellow to venture on such rude Expressions without (you may be certain) any cause given, is such a bruitish piece of Barbarity, that none but *George Parker* would dare to own or pretend to publish, and you may be sure he that will give such Language to the Dead, will not spare it to the living, if he doth not fear his head.

Ptolemy is the Patron, nay, the Father of all *Legitimate Astrologers*; and this is the first Son that ever I heard durst take his Father by the Beard, and call him *Villain* and *Rogue*. Now let us turn the Tables, and suppose a man that hath Children should break and run into *Salisbury Court to cheat his Creditors*; and his Son should say to him, *Ah you Jacobite Rogue, you spent the money that should have maintained us, in Wooring with my Mother's Maid*. Would you not think this is very uncivil, as well as undutiful Language for this sawcy Boy to give his Father? Notwithstanding the thing is true enough in it self; but the Sawcineſs of the Boy is the thing. Did you ever know a Physician enlarge his Practice and Acquaintance by calling *Hippocrates Old bald-headed Rogue and Villain*? Or did you ever know a Child the more valued and beloved for calling his *Mother Whore*, and his *Father Cuckold*? Or did you ever know any man the better respected among men of Virtue and good Morals, for using base and scurrilous Language in his Conversation, how witty soever he thought it in himself? In a word, I know the man so well, that should there be an Opportunity for it, he would say as much of *Moses*, *Christ* and his own *Father*, especially if *Tom Street* had but told him so. Upon the whole, *Query*, Whether this is the Merit for which he brags of a Place conferred upon him, and what Credit he will prove to the Donors?

But why must *Ptolemy* be called a Villain? Why, because his Tables are not fit for this Age, and he doth not come again to mend them; and because *Tom Street* pretends there is an Observation wanting, which was left out by the Transcribers of old, no doubt, if there is one wanting; but *Tom* would lye, and because he doth not come or send some body to teach him

him as well the Language as the Principles of his *Quadripartite*; and becauſe the famous Bog-trotting *Tom* told him he was a Villain. Nay, if he hath the art of abuſing men dead 1500 years by *hear-ſay*, I am ſure he cannot be angry with me for what I ſay of himſelf, becauſe the Matter is all true, and he living; let him diſprove it if he can or dare.

But why muſt it be the *Famous Street*, and the *Villain Ptolemy*? Oh, *Tom* was *famous* many ways; he was *famous* for being a *Tapſter* at *Dublin*, famous for being a *Red-Coat-Soldier* under *Cromwel*; he was famous for being Poor, Ill natur'd, Moroſe, Peeviſh, Conceited, Knaviſh, and a good Aſtronomer: And all theſe Faculties he left to his Pupil *George*, except his Skill. He was *famous* for marrying when he was above Fifty; when he could not get Bread for himſelf, then he took a Wife to beget Beggars. He was famous for wheedling a number of Gentlemen, by perſuading them to ſubſcribe for a Book he pretended to print, got about 150 or 200 pound of them, and then cheated them of their money. Hence it is no wonder to hear *Parker* commend *Iriſh Tom*, *ſimilis ſimili gaudet*. But becauſe *Ptolemy* was a man of *Learning*, *Bravery*, *Honour* and *Honeſty*, it is no wonder to hear *Honeſt George* call him *Villain* and *Rogue*, &c. He was a man of too general and generous an Education for theſe two Fellows to underſtand or be acquainted with. And at laſt, after all his Noiſe and Cry for his ill-natur'd Maſter and his Skill, there are them in *London* that tell us, *T. S.* was but the Improver, and the Hypotheſis of his Tables was not his own, but he had it out of *Germany*, and a Woman was the Author of it; ſo that he did but lick it into form, which was no ſuch great matter. And as a concluſion to this part of the matter, here ſeems room for a very fit Query; and that is, Why theſe *great Numerators* ſhould be ſo often ſubject to be Kn——s? One he *run away* at *Midnight*, and cheated both *Landlord* and *Creditors*; another he makes *Sigills* and *Charms*, and makes the people believe his *Devilſhip* can do Wonders; a third *tricks* a number of *Honeſt Gentlemen*, under the Notion of Subſcribing to a Book: And pray which is the honeſteſt man of the Three?

The Fellow ſays, That whatever *Ptolemy* wrote, hath no ſway with him, but when it keeps pace with Reaſon. And pray, Where muſt this Standard of Reaſon be found? No where I'll warrant you but in *Honeſt George*'s own Head. Pray Gentlemen, Do you think he that hath his *Mercury* in Oppoſition to *Jupiter*, his *Sun* in Conjunction with *Saturn* on the Aſcendent, and the *Moon* in Square to them both, hath not a fit Head to make a Standard of Reaſon for a whole Nation or City? He doth not *believe Ptolemy* but when he keeps pace with his Reaſon; nor ſhould I believe him if he did; nor can I believe his Reaſon when it doth not keep company with Honeſty and Morality.

Laſtly, To carry on the Rattle, and make the world believe that he talks to the purpoſe, he confidently perks up, and demands a proof of my *Table of Houſes*, what the Pole of each Houſe is? what Influence the Parallels have? whether the Power of a Square, Trine or Oppoſition? with more ſuch like tattle. As to the Table of Houſes, I have in my *Defeſſis* largely ſpoke to that, and a Diviſion of the Heavens in the general; but the thing was done in *Latin* by *Didacus Prittus*, and printed at *Milan*, 1647. afterward

ward by *Placidus* at *Padua* in 1657. The Poles of the Houses were printed at *Paris* in 1646. at *Millain* in 1647. at *Padua* in 1657. and at *London* in 1688. The Influence of the New Aspects and Parallels were printed at *Millain* by *Didacus Prittus* in his *Cœlestis Philosoph. Lib.* 2 *Cap.* 2. *Lib.* 2. *Cap.* 9. And now is not this an impudent thing, for a fellow that sets up for a Master, and pretends to teach the Art, and *Secrets* not known to others, to be ignorant of things that have been so long in print, and published in several Nations? Thus you see how necessary it is for Confidence to go along with Ignorance; I suppose the Fellow would have me send for the Books from beyond Sea, and translate them for him. As for his Ignorance in these things, you must not blame him, for his *Business* is not *Skill*, but *Contention*; not *Reading*, but *Railing*; not *Learning*, but *Lewdness*; and for his being my Pupil, I must beg his Excuse, for I never entertain any one that I know beforehand is both *Fool* and *Knave*. Thus I have given him a civil Return to all his ridiculous Stuff, more fit to have been hissed at, than answer'd; and now come to demand of him these things following.

First, Before he runs away with a Conquest, let him prove such a Motion as he pretends to in the *Ascendent*, *Mom*, *Part of Fortune*, &c. in his way of Direction; for I do assure you there is no such Motion in Nature.

Secondly, Let him tell the World what he hath further to say in justification of his Challenge in 1692. I hope he will not be so impudent to challenge a whole Nation, and when one single man appears drop his Cause, and run for it; if he doth, he is —— you may guess what.

Thirdly, In the Example preceding, let him tell us under what Poles the *Sun* and *Moon* meet those Directions, in his way of *Kepler*.

Fourthly, Since you are so exact in Calculation, pray prove your Skill by printing your *Daughter's Nativity* again; and tell the World when she will be *sick* again, when she will *marry*, and when she will *dye*: And I will print it too if you dare do it. Likewise tell the World, Why your Son did not dye on the *Sun* to the Squars of *Mars* in *Leina*? Nay, Why he was not sick on that Direction? And also why your Daughter *Elizabeth* did dye at almost two years old, notwithstanding she had *Jupiter* with the *Sun* in the Ascendent. Let these things be done, and then I will be ready for you again; answer something, as well as ask; and till that are done, expect no more from me. But I wonder you should call for the Poles of the Houses, when you use no Poles of Position in any Directions.

The Second Part of the Whipper Whipp'd.

WHen *Parker's* Almanack was printing for 1697. he hugg'd himself with what he had done; and told a Gentleman, He had claw'd me off; to another he said, He had *swinig'd* me; to another he had *drowned Gadbury* and *Partridge*, though *Gadbury* nor my self did ever give him any occasion in the least to do it: But I observe the Fellow was pleased

with

with his own Whim. He tells divers people, That I give a Guiney a year to have my Verſes made for my Almanack; if that were true, it is more like a Gentleman, to relieve a Poor Poet, than to go a begging with Almanacks at *Chriſtmas*, as *Hoſpital-boys* with their *Pſalms*, among the *Bellmen*, *Drummers*, &c. as he doth. The *Bellman* with his *Verſes*, the *Duſtman* with his *Bell*, the *Drummer* with his *Rattle*, and the *Aſſatian Conjurer* with his *Stars*. Thirty Shillings, he ſays, Dr. *B.* in *Little-Britain* gave him, and Ten Shillings Mr. *L.* of the Treaſury, with ſmaller Sums of others; only theſe I mention, to prove what I ſay, for I know he hath the art of Denying, &c.

The Friendly Covenant; to the Tune of Flagellum Aſtrologicum.

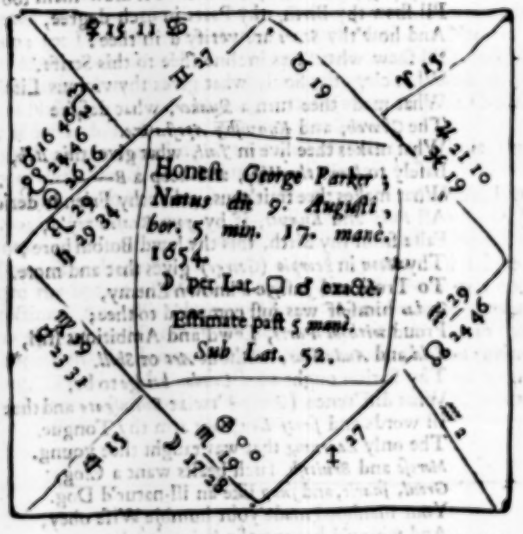
Sir, by your Leave, excuſe my Rural Strain,
I'll do thee right, thou Son of *Tubal-Cain*;
I'll paint thee to the Life, exact and true;
Thy *freſh*, but *deep-dy'd Crimes*. I'll draw them too;
I'll ſhew thy Birth, thy Parts in each degree,
And how thy *Stars* are verify'd in thee?
I'll ſhew what Stars incline thee to this Strife,
What clogs thy Soul, what gives thy vicious Life;
What made thee turn a *Quaker*, what deſpiſe
The *Church*, and *Knaviſhly Apoſtatize*.
What makes thee live in *Jail*, what gives this *Itch*,
Baſely to *leave thy Wife*, and keep a *B*———,
What makes thee trait'rous, what thy Friends deride,
All *Fools* and *Knaves*, if by *your Reaſon* try'd,
Falſe from thy Birth, this thy lewd Boſom bore;
Thy *Moon* in *Scorpio* (*George*) gives that and more.
To Truth and Juſtice a known Enemy,
Judas himſelf was juſt compar'd to thee;
Proud *without Parts*, Lewd and Ambitious ſtill,
Bold and *Audacious*, without *Art* or *Skill*.
Thy ſtation ought near *London-bridge* to be,
What diff'rence (*George*) 'twixt *Billingſgate* and thee?
Ill words and *ſaucy Language* arm thy Tongue,
The only *Learning* that was taught thee young.
Moroſe and *Brutiſh*, ſuch beaſts want a Clog,
Growl, *ſnarle*, and *ſnap* like an ill-natur'd Dog.
Your manhood made your humble Wife obey,
And whipp'd her too the *Heliocentrick* way,
Then forc'd her from your Bed; what ſhame is this?
And ever ſince, you know, you've *done a Miſs*;
Done, did I ſay? poor Woman, hard's her Fate,
That *Wench*, I mean, that helps you *calculate*.
She lent be times, but thou'lt pay wondrous *late*,
A thinking man may in thy Forehead read,
Nay, in thy *Picture* too, what makes thee bad;

Thus did his *Stars* by publick marks foreshew,
And tell what Crimes in future years he'd do.
Nature, when she's uneasy, lays about,
And so his *Dam* in frightful shapes did shout
When *hardbound Nature* squeez'd this *Monster* out.
Pity poor George, tainted with scribling Itch!
So poor in Parts, yet thinks he's over-rich:
Though naked, thinks he doth possess a Crown;
And though scarce *Primmer Ripe*, to teach the Town.
He writes, 'tis true, and thinks, but thinks amiss,
That *Cicero*'s Eloquence is short of his;
He hath ('tis true) in *Language* him surpast;
Perhaps some man may lash him him for't at last,
But I will use him *gently* like a *Friend*,
Correct, but not strike hard, perhaps he'll *mend*,
Poor ign'rant Soul, and so he'll be to th' end.

Lat. Planet.

♄ 1 25 *N.*
♃ 1 34 *S.*
♂ 1 9 *N.*
♀ 1 31 *S.*
☿ 1 48 *S.*
☽ 5 4 *S.*
R. A. ☉ 228 30
Dis. ☉ *ab* ♈ *C.* 158

This is the day he says he was born on, but I am of opinion it was the 10. day at this time, and he not willing to own it; but I am sure that he gives of ♏ ascend. is false



As *Cardan* says of *Nero*, so may I justly of this man, *Nec nix nivi similior, quàm hac Genitura gestit, Moribus ac Fortuna Nati.* I have but Two Accidents, and they are, The Ascendent to the Sextile of *Venus* for his Marriage at 23 or 24 years old. The other is the *Sun* to the Oppolition of *Jupiter*; at which time he walk'd from the *Boar* Cat in *Newgate-street* at Midnight, being then 39 years and 3 months. And so I come to shew how his Manners and Fortune agrees with his Stars; and also to shew the young Scollers how to judge of an *honest Nativity*. *De-*

De Ingenio Nati.

In this we muſt conſider the Sign Aſcending, the *Moon*, and *Mercury*, and their Configurations. The Aſcendent is *Leo*, infeſted with the envious and malicious Preſence of *Saturn*, who afflicts the Aſcendent, the Lord of it, and the *Moon*; *Mercury*, you ſee, is in Oppoſition to *Jupiter*, ſo that, all the Significators of his Wit and Ingenuity are vitiated, depraved, and afflicted; and ſo muſt his Fancy and Parts be likewiſe, even an Enemy to Honeſty.

Saturn in the Aſcendent with the *Sun*, gives him Pride and Uneaſineſs, and at the ſame time ſupplies him with a large ſhare of Envy againſt every one that doth exceed him in *Parts* or *Practice*, *Intereſt* or *Reputation*, *Wit* or *Honeſty*. *Saturn* on the Aſcendent, in Conjunction with the *Sun* and Square of the *Moon*, inclines a man to a *ſordid*, *bruti ſh Temper*, *cruel*, *envious* and *ſeditious*; this you may read in his common Language preceding, *&c.* All that *Saturn* addeth to his Ingenuity, is to make him thoughtful and ſtudious, but at the ſame time it poiſoneth his Thoughts, and the Product of it, and gives it a *knaviſh Conſequence*; but we muſt ſeek that more perfectly in *Mercury*, the Picture of the Underſtanding. *Mercury* in *Virgo* doth undoubtedly furniſh a man with Ingenuity, and a projecting Brain, and makes a man ingenious in any thing his mind is inclined to: But then conſider, *Jupiter* is the Author of *Honeſty* (ſays *Cardan*, *Sect.* 4. *Aph.* 34.) *Piety*, *Modeſty*, &c. and he in Oppoſition to *Mercury*; ſo that you ſee the *Underſtanding* and *Ingenuity* are directly Oppoſite to his *Honeſty*, *Piety*, &c. His Fancy hath no tendency to Good, nor is he inclin'd to it, becauſe the *Moon*, who governs the Faculties of the Brain, is poiſoned by *Saturn* and *Mars*, without any Relief, unleſs to quicken the Poiſon; and this in *Scorpio*, (which *Cardan* ſays, *Sect.* 2. *Aph.* 55 *Sect.* 5. *Aph.* 166.) makes *Lyars*, *Traitors* and *Knaves*. And it is natural for one that hath *Saturn* in the Aſcendent, in Square to the *Moon*, to be always contriving and deſigning ſome Project to a *knaviſh End* and *Deſign*, which will generally fall on himſelf at laſt.

Well then, you ſee I allow him to be ingenious, but what muſt it be? Why truly, ſuch Ingenuity as *Pick-pockets*, *Gameſters* and *Thieves* have: For you muſt allow them too to be very *witty* and *ingenious men*. So *Coley's Son*, who had his *Mercury* in *Scorpio*, in Square to *Jupiter*, and in Squre to the *Moon*, was very ingenious, and ready at what his Fancy inclined him to, which was *Th—ing*; for which, they ſay, he was loſt among the Trees. *Morgan Bourn* had his *Moon* in Square to *Saturn*, and *Mercury* in Oppoſition to the *Moon* and Square of *Saturn*; he was a *very ingenious fellow*, but *hang'd* for *Clipping* and *Coining*. *J. M.* had his *Mercury* in Square to *Mars*, he was a genteel Fellow, and very ingenious, *hang'd* for *Robbing*. *H. O.* hath his *Moon* in Conjunction with *Mars*, and both in Square to *Mercury*, he is *idle*, *lewd* and a *notorious Lyar*, yet living. And the Poſition of honeſt *George* conſidered together with theſe, will give ſuch ingenuity as theſe men had, and full as honeſt too. His *Mercury* in Oppoſition to *Jupiter* from *Virgo* and *Piſces*, will give him a Fancy like a *cracks Looking-glaſs*, all *Projects* without *Succeſs*; and for *Piety*, turn him looſe! Nay, his *Moon* in Trine to *Jupiter*, is an Injury to him, becauſe it ſtrengthens his Enemies in oppreſſing *Mercury* Lord of his Second. Pray look in his ſhrievel'd Face, and look on this

Figure

Figure with *Saturn* on the Aſcendent, and tell me your Thoughts, Whether it is like him or not?

De Peritia in Arte ſua.

As to his principal Skill he hath hitherto furniſhed the world with, it is only of an Aſtronomical Nature, that is, Calculation; a work only fit for thoſe that have nothing elſe to do, or rather fitter for a *Porter* than a *Philoſopher*, which he imagines himſelf to be. And I will engage to teach a *Plowman* (ſo he hath but a little *Arithmetick*) as much *Aſtronomy* in a month as he is Maſter of, for all his great *Boaſters* and *Bouncers*. In *Aſtrology* he never durſt ſhew the World any thing yet; nor do I believe he will: And more than that, he is not able to do any thing; for if he had, he would never have gone to *Italy* for Examples, as you ſee he doth in his Almanack 1696. and at laſt to fill up, tells us a lame louſy Story of *Morgan Bruno*, which he was forced to borrow, having none of his own. His Almanack is patcht up by divers hands, and he never wrote one yet that was his own. The Eclipſes he hath yearly of Mr *E. H.* he not being able to calculate them. From the ſame *E. H.* he alſo hath the Table of the Satellites of *Jupiter*, which you ſee this year is wanting, becauſe Mr. *H*—— was in the Country. His *Tide-Table* he always had from Mr. *F.* and by the Aſſiſtance of theſe two men they ſet him up; and one of them I hear he quarrels with already, and ſo he will do with the other ſhortly. Nay, the very Eclipſe of *Mercury* that he notes in Red Letters in *October* 1697. is ſtole (and not owned) out of the *Philoſophical Tranſactions*, number 193. pag. 491. done by Mr. *Halley* for 180 years paſt and to come. Now you that eſpouſe his Intereſt, ſee what a man of Art you have to defend. The Watch Motion is taken out of the *Philoſophical Tranſactions* Numb. 214. pag. 248, 249. And out of one of the ſame Volumes alſo he hath ſtole the Table of the Sun's Declination, and hath not Honeſty enough to own either of them. The like in his patcht-up *Ephemeris*, the *Moon* there is not calculated, but taken from *Argol*, and not owned neither. His demonſtration of the *Modus Rationalis*, in his *Ephemeris*, he had from *Coley*; from whom you ſee he he hath alſo learned to teach Aſtronomy and Aſtrology, *with Varieties not known to every Profeſſor*: Compare *Coley*'s Advertiſement and his together. His *Poetry* that he writes, he makes it as *Coley* doth, *at a Heat*; and no doubt but he will teach him, in a ſhort time, to make Sigils too. The *Ephemeredes*, he values himſelf upon, is not done by himſelf to this day; at his beginning one did *Saturn*, another did *Mars*, a third *Jupiter*, and ſo patcht up by divers hands: At which time he alſo promiſed us an *Ephemeride* for Seven years, depending on the ſame Aſſiſtance: But that Book the *Boar Cat* in *Newgate-ſtreet* run away with. Nay, even the *Ephemeris* for this preſent year is not his own; but the Wench that cohabits with him doth her Share in the Calculation too: And yet this man of Noiſe would have the world believe there is none to compare with him. But it is like the *Moon* in Square to *Saturn* and the *Sun*, and *Mercury* in Oppoſition to *Jupiter*.

As to his Doctoral Skill, pray obſerve; About the middle of *January* laſt, a Woman in *Drury Lane* was ſent to me, but ſhe miſtook *Salisbury-Street* for *Salisbury-Court*, and to the Learned Dr. *Parker* ſhe carries her Water. The Doctor looks on it, and tells her, She was in a deep Conſumption, and

over-run with *Saturn*. At that (ſaid the Gentlewoman) I began to ſtare, and wondred what the man meant; and as he had an *odd Countenance*, ſo (ſaid ſhe) I thought he had been mad indeed. She askt him, if ſhe were with Child? He ſaid, Yes ſhe was She askt him if there were any *Cure* for her *Conſumption*? He ſaid yes, he could cure her. But Sir, ſaid ſhe, If I am with Child (which is not to be doubted) I am afraid it will be dangerous to *take Phyſick*. No, no, ſaid he, What I give you, a Child may take; and ſo to work he went, and gave her *Four Doſes of Pills*, and *Four Papers of Powder*, to cure her *Tabes*, and ſtrengthen her *Womb*. The Pills wrought with her 30 or 40 times every Doſe ſhe took of them, and had almoſt *killed her*; and when ſhe was grown ſo very low and weak with *his Pills*; ſhe begins with her *ſtrengthening Powders*, expecting that they would have repaired her again: But inſtead of that, they proved very *ſtrong Diureticks*, made her *miſcarry*, and brought away the *whole Conception*; and ſo between the *Pills* and this *Powder* making her *miſcarry*, God knows what the Iſſue of it may be. Now what will you call this? *Impudence*, *Ignorance*, *Knavery* or *Murder*? Did you ever know any but *Blockheads* give ſtrong Purges to People in a deep Conſumption, as he told her ſhe was? Or any but thoſe fluſht in Murder, give *ſtrong Diureticks* to a Woman above *Three months gone with Child*? If he thinks I triſle with him. let him put it to the Proof if he dares. *Here's your Doctor, good Women!*

Would you be cured? then take great *Parker's Pills*,
They'll do, the more he gives, the more he *kills*.

I could tell you a pleaſant Story about a Clyſter he ordered for a Woman, but you ſhall have that among the next; for I have ſome Friends providing more matter for me. Did you ever know any man that had his *Mercury* afflicted, and *Saturn* on the Aſcendent afflicting the *Moon*, that had Reaſon or a good Judgment? Nor can this man make a good Judgment of any thing, nor have Succeſs in what he attempts from thence; and ſo I will leave you to his own Motto. To whom Phyſick I give
But few of you live.

De Impudentia Nati.

Saturn and *Mars* afflicting the *Sun* Lord of the Aſcendent, and *Saturn* afflicting the *Moon* weak in *Scorpio*, *Mercury* afflicting and afflicted by *Jupiter*, enclines men to be audacious, and ſhews ſuch as trangreſs the Rules of Modeſty, *&c.* And *Cardan* ſays, *Jupiter* and the *Sun* are the Authors of *modeſty* and *humanity*, but in this Nativity they are both oppreſſed, and therefore thoſe two *virtues* are wanting, and their places ſupplied with their Oppoſites.

The proof, In 1694. he confidently dedicated his Almanack to Sir *J. F.* to make his *name Eternal* (*verbis ſuis*) and this without asking his Leave and Permiſſion. But did you ever know any man make a *man* or thing *eternal* by commending it in an *Almanack*? Where is the Wit of it?

Secondly, It is *Impudence* to the higheſt degree to endeavour to juſtifie that baſe and unjuſt Puniſhment of Dr. *Oats*. It was proved by none but ſuch as by our Law ought to have been hanged; and beſides, what they ſwore was notoriouſly falſe, as it appeared by *Hinton's Books*, which juſtified *Ireland's* being in *London* that day Dr. *Oats* ſaid he was, and that *Hinton* paid him Money then to his own hand. All I wiſh the *Fellow* is, That he may live

live to enjoy the Happineſs of ſuch a *Gentle Puniſhment*, perhaps already deſerved, if he had his due. The meaning of the thing is, the fellow is ſetting up for a *Jacobite* without either *Wit* or *Credit*, of which ſort they have a great number in the Party already, and he for his *Impudence* and *ſcandalous Life* comes behind none of them

Thirdly, I will leave it to the World to judge if that was not a groſs piece of *Impudence* in 1692. to challenge the whole Nation at once, To aſſign any other Direction for his Daughters Sickneſs, than that fooliſh one that he aſſerted, The *Earth* to the *Heliocentrick* place of *Mars*? And when a certain Perſon had given a Direction or two for that Sickneſs, he dropt his Challenge, and we never heard a word of that ſince. By the ſame Rule I judge he will take a good Drubbing, and ſit down civilly with it too. I am ſure none but a very confident Fellow could ever have had the Face to write again till he had given the World ſatisfaction why he did not maintain his Challenge. But that which makes the thing more audacious, That which he challenged the Nation upon, he had no experience of, and that was the firſt example of its kind. Now find me out one to match him, and I will give you my Cap.

Fourthly, I take it for a very bold, confident trick, to ſteal Dr. *J. R*'s Advertiſement verbatim out of my Almanack, as you may ſee by comparing his of 1696. with mine for ſome years paſt, in theſe words. *Parker* ſays, *It is the only Elixir of Scurvy-graſs that is in being, and fit for the Cloſet of any Phyſician; thoſe that buy it, if they find it not as here aſſerted, may return it without loſs.* And for the better underſtanding the *Man* and his *Medicine*, take the Receipt it ſelf, which is thus. *Take Scurvygraſs, green and freſh, clean waſht and dried on a Cloath, what quantity you pleaſe, put it into a Glaſs, and pour upon it the beſt Rectified Engliſh Spirit, ſo much as will cover it, 4 or 5 Fingers above the Herb; let them ſtand in a gentle Heat till the Liquor is turned Green, and it is prepared and fit for uſe.* The man muſt certainly have a large *ſhare of the Faculty*, or elſe he could never put this on the world, which is a *Lye*, and a *Cheat* at the Tail of it; firſt, to tell the world it is an *Elixir*. And ſecondly, to ſell it as ſuch, when it is nothing elſe but a naſty, dirty Infuſion; Thus he muſt be *Horridly Ignorant*, or *plaguily Impudent*, either not to know what an *Elixir* is, or to put a *naſty Infuſion* upon the World for an *Elixir*, and then ſay, It is *fit for the Cloſet of any Phyſician*; indeed it is ſo for a *cheating Phyſician*, for there is not a grain of the *Spirit* or *Salt of Scurvy-graſs* in it, only the *naſty Flegm* that ſpoils the Spirit of Wine. And now I will tell you how he came by it; When he ſet up for a *Doctor*, he went to ſeveral Phyſicians to beg Receipts of them; and among the reſt he asked Mr. *T. T.* who promiſed to give him ſomething; but in the mean time imployed him to do his Nativity; to work goes *Parker*, expecting a mighty Reward, and when it was done, carried it to him, who inſtead of Money paid him in Phyſical Receipts, of which this *naſty, filthy Infuſion* was one of them that helpt to ſet up our Learned Doctor. By my next I ſhall give you ſome more of his Receipts.

Fifthly, I will leave it to all ſober regular people to judge if it is not an audacious thing for a Fellow to turn his Wife away, and live publickly with another Woman, and this in the face of the Sun and his own Children, as

an

n Example to his Family to do ſo too when they come to years of Ripeneſs or ſuch things; and you know, youth are too apt to make ſlight Examples great Encouragements, eſpecially when they lead to Vice and Pleaſure. I am very well pleaſed that the *Jacks* have him on their ſide; let them try if they can make a Silk Purſe of a Sow's Ear.

Since Shame and Vertue left their wonted place,
The beſt Reproofs ne're pierce his brawny Face.

De Sævitia Nati.

Saturn on his Aſcendent in Square to the *Moon in Mundo*, and afflicting the *Sun* alſo with *Mars*'s aſſiſtance, ſhews the man muſt be of a Cruel Tyrannick Humor and Temper; and ſo we find him; the Proof's eaſy.

He hath a Son, a young Youth, that he hath brought up to nothing, and now at laſt beats him out of Doors, and ſends him a begging. Now is not this a ſhame, that ſo great a Doctor as he is, ſhould ſend his own Child a begging, when the great *Urania* is a ſufferer by the Scandal, as well as the whole Society.

Faith, *George*, 'tis hard; Oh let it not be ſaid,
The great *Urania*'s Grandſon begs his Bread.

Secondly, That which is almoſt ſcandalous to name, but far more baſe and ſcandalous to act, and indeed what I cannot mention but with a regret and Unwillingneſs, and that is, *the Whipping of his Wife*; ſuch a piece of *Barbarity*, *Cruelty* and *Inhumanity*, that is not to be paralleld in any one but he that hath bid Defiance to all Modeſty and Chriſtian Morals, and took his final Leave of *the Evangelick Rule*, *Do as you would be done by*. And yet, though he ſets up for a *Whipper*, as you ſee he doth in his Epiſtle to his Almanack, 1697. Commends it in the *Puniſhment* of Dr. *Oats*, and practiſeth it on the *Body* of his *poor Wife*, yet he would be very unwilling to undergo it himſelf, and make a plaguy wry Face at the Sight of the Whip. Nay, to ſhew you that he was not only guilty of whipping her, his Friend Mr. *L.* hath told me, He hath ſeen him throw a handful of Knives at her at a time in her Shop; thus you may ſee what a cutting Fellow I have to deal with. And you *Good-women*, you are finely fitted with a Whipping Phyſician, you ſee; for where he cannot come at your Poſteriors, he hath Pills and Powders to do your buſineſs for you otherways.

With Whips, (as with Inſtruments men pull down great Oaks)
If ſhe wont be obed'ent, *George*, have at her B——ks.

Thirdly, I muſt reckon That among his Acts of Cruelty alſo that he uſeth to the Wench that lives with him; to do him a ſervice ſhe lent him her Money; and now when ſhe asks him for it, he pays her in Tail, Tallies I mean.

What! thraſh for your Living? Thus Pleaſures abound,
In for a Penny, *George*, in for a Pound.

De Religione Nati.

Perhaps you will ſtare at this, that after this black Character I have given him, we ſhould now talk of his Religion; pray don't wonder, for his Religion and his Morals are all of a piece, *Mercury* in Oppoſition to *Jupiter*, and *Saturn* on the Aſcendent in a Mundane Square to the *Moon*. The Fellow was of a mungrel Perſwaſion when he was young and ſo continued till

the *Sun* came to the Zodiacal Parallel of *Jupiter*, at 24 or 25 years of age; and then, he ſays, he was all Religion, and might ſay with the Holy *David*, *That the zeal of God's houſe had eaten him up*. At this time the Fellow was *ſomething poor*, and he had heard it ſaid, That the *Quakers* were very kind to their *Proſelytes*, and did uſe to ſupport them: So on the former *Piety*, agitated by the *laſt motive*, *George* turns *Quaker*, ſcrews his Face into a regular Shape to be taken notice of, takes up the Terms of *Thee* and *Thou*, *painted Beaſt* and *Hireling*, and upon every Opportunity he trudg'd to the *Bull and Mouth*. Now it was he uſed to ſay, the *Organs* ſounded like *Rams Horns*, and the *Quiriſters* made a Noiſe like the *bleating* of the *Sheep* and *lowing* of the *Oxen*. In this Station *George* continued for ſome time, ſtill expecting the *golden Shower*; but theſe ſubtle *Quakers*, I believe, knew the Fellow by his Countenance, and made no court to the new Proſelyte, nor did they down with their Duſt. *George* finding nothing came, and being unwilling to ſerve God for nothing, tacks about, and turns Pinacle-*Churchman*; and then he ſaid the *Organs* and *Quiriſters* ſounded like the *Heavenly Quire*, and he never heard them but he was in a *Rapture*. Thus you ſee *George* is the ſame man when his Face is turned to the Altar, as when he is uſing the Whip, or giving Powders to ſtrengthen the Womb.

Obſerve but his *Saturn*, and hear *Jove*'s Complaint,
You'l judge by his Birth, he's a two-handed *Saint*.

But beſides this, he can pray too, as you may ſee by his Almanack for 1696. in his Epiſtle: *God bleſs his Majeſty King* William, *and every individual Perſon of that Royal Family, Root and Branch*. As much as if he had ſaid, Pray God bleſs *Honeſt John Stow*, that went to *York* laſt *Monday*, and pray God bleſs the *Six High way men* that followed him; now the Queſtion is, Whether he prayed for honeſt *John* or the High-way-men.

Invenies paſſim multos, qui pelle ſub agni
Viperum celant virus, moreſque Luporum.
De Libidine Nati.

The *Moon* is in *Scorpio*, a ſenſual beaſtly Sign, the *Sun* Lord of his Aſcendent with the *Cauda*, and *Saturn* in a mundane Square to the *Moon* in *Scorpio*: Theſe are great Arguments of a Libidinous Nature.

The Proof of this is eaſy, for the Neighbourhood in *Newgate-ſtreet* do not ſpare to talk largely of his Wife's Maid and he: And when you ask them the particulars, they refer you to Sir *W. T.*'s Clerk, who, they ſay, can give the beſt account how often they have been Warrantable about the Buſineſs. But we will leave that, and come to the preſent buſineſs, his living with *another Woman* openly; which is a plaguy preſumption of ſomething elſe at the bottom of it. Yet the worſt of all is, they tell you, He uſed to *make court* to his *Wife's Daughter*: I hope that is the worſt of it, tho the people talk unluckily of it, in another Senſe; I hope it is not true.

Young *Dapper* the *Diver*, the Son of old *Ralph*,
That turn'd out the Cow to B——r the Calf.
De Divitiis Nati.

I will not be too much inquiſitive into this part of his Affairs, becauſe I would not diſcourage his endeavours in the World; yet this I will tell him, He hath a very bad poſition to get an Eſtate of an hundred a-year,

or keep a place of three hundred, where a Salary is payable; and my Reasons are *Mercury* in Opposition to *Jupiter* from the Second and Eighth, the *Moon* in Square to *Mars Zod.* the *Moon* in Conjunction with the *Part of Fortune*, and both in Square to the *Sun* and *Saturn in mundo*; he hath felt the Influence of them already in part; and for what is to come, I will leave to his own Observation; and let the time past serve for its proof, and though he hath an ill position for Riches, yet he hath a good one for a Stock: And now I speak of that, give me leave to say, The Assessors for the *Capitation Act* ought to have assest him for two Stocks, one of Confidence and the other of Kn———y.

A *Stock* thou hast, lodg'd in thy *shrivel'd Face*,
Yet not of Gold, but most *substantial Brass*.

De reliquis Nativitate observandis.

The Nativity is in the general one of the worst and most despicable positions that ever I saw; to have the *Moon* weak in *Scorpio*, with the *Part of Fortune* in Opposition to the Tenth, and in a Mundane Square to *Saturn* and the *Sun*, must certainly involve a man into *Troubles*, *Broils* and *Mischiefs*, and keep him always low in the world, and his latter end worst of all; the *Sun*, who is the Author of *Honour* and *Reputation*, is besieged between *Saturn*, *Mars* and the *Cauda*, must make him always *Scandalous*, subject to *Contempt*, and furnish him with a very *Despicable Reputation*. And the Nativity he makes for himself, with 13 degrees of *Virgo* ascending, is a worse Scheme than this is; for there he hath put the *Sun* in the Twelfth, with the *Moon* in Square to *Mars*, and the *Sun* applying; if that be his Nativity, he will never live out of Jail while he lives; for the Twelfth House among the Stars is their *White Fryers* and *Salisbury-Court*, so that in the Figure he gives out, he hath ☉, ♂, ♄ and ☋ all in *White-Fryers*, that is, in the Twelfth House; and therefore I do think it the worst position, but both bad.

I confess I observe one pretty generous thing of him; for in his Almanacks he used to affect a conceited way in writing, using *Us*, *We*, *Our*, *Ourself*, which was indeed the modestest thing in all his scurrilous Writings; for the Wench that lives with him helps him to calculate his Almanack, and being not arrogant enough to take all the Honour to himself, he lets her share with him; sometimes it is *We*, that is, I and my Wench; then *Our*, *i e* mine and my Miss's; at another time it is *Us*, I and my W— then *Ourself*, that is, when he had the major part in the business, suppose in Bed.

In a word, it is such a Nativity, that had it been brought to me to have looked over as one unknown, I should have judged it a fit position for a *Clipper*, a *Pick pocket*, an *Informer*, a *Common Barretor*, a *Traytor* to his *King* and *Country*, Ay and his *Master* too; a *Bankrupt*, and a person fit for any thing, though never so unjust and wicked. And I think it would be far more commendable for him, to endeavour to get Bread for his Family in a credible way, and pay his Debts, than to send his Children a begging, and spend his time in wrangling and contending with those that do not meddle nor make with him. And now you see what kind of Enemy I have got to contend with.

And must we part, my little mortal Foe;
Great without any thing to to make thee so.

Great

Great in Conceit, arm'd with some sorry stuff,
Dost, like a *Cuspis Captain*, bounce and huff.
Some Animals, not much unlike to thee,
At nine Days old by Nature come to see;
But thee, thy Stars did for great things design,
And, as a *nobler Beast*, takes longer time.
To *such a Head* who would not vail a Cap,
Not *cram'd* with *Brains*, but *Heliocentrick* Pap;
A Head! match'd with a Soul that lets us see,
All *Egypts* ancient Learning's lodg'd in thee;
Dub'd with a Name that time shall ne're deface,
And that engrav'd in *monumental Brass*,
As the true *Emblem* of thy *Face* and Rise;
Not to declare thee vertuous, just or wise,
But to inform us of thy *Birth* and *Race*,
And when thy Name is us'd we'll *think of Brass*.
And to relate thy *brutish Trangams* past
Of which, I see, you'll give a second taste,
And prove a *broken Conjurer* at last.
Dear *George*, farewel, thou hast a rugged task,
Thou little *rumbling, rumbling empty Cask*.
Once more farewel, with *Harry* thy dear Brother,
Who (like two *scabby Colts*) nab one another.

Now a man that hath appeared in the world under these Crimes and Characters of Villany, and yet confidently looks mankind in the Face, he had need be master of more Impudence than an old Carted Bawd. And to conclude, if any Gentleman of Reputation is so fond of such a Creature, as to patronize him still, after his Parts and Qualities are thus set forth and decipher'd, it is pity their dear Friendship should ever be parted. Or if any Community or Society of honourable and noble Persons can think such an infamous Wretch a Credit to them and their Undertakings, it is left to their prudence to consider, when the Shame and Dishonour of such an Instrument may be as inauspicious as it is reflective to the whole. Since nothing hath been said here (though justly provoked) which will not be made good, and the poor Wretch, if he hath a spark of Modesty yet left, his Conscience must whisper to him that of the Poet,

——— ——— *Pudet hæc opprobria nobis,*
Et dici potuisse, & non potuisse refelli.

As for the man in *Baldwins-Gardens*, I must step to *Pancras* to the *Old Woman*, *Nicknamed* a *House-keeper*, and ask her who it was gave her the *Ulcer* in her Throat, of which she dyed? and whether it was of *French growth or no?* and then in a *Dialogue* between a *Pick-pocket* and a *Sigil-maker*, contending for the Honesty of their Trades, I will give the world an account of him, as a Reward for endeavouring to set people together by the Ears.